

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL.
Editor and Proprietor.

For The Lily.

Dedicated to Jane Isabel M-----.

ON THE EVENING OF MAY 23D.

'Tis evening now, dear absent wife;
The rustling breeze sweeps gently by;
And the sweet bloom of vernal life,
Bespeaketh summer days are nigh.

Thy voice of love I hear again,
The angel smile that lights thy brow;
They with an earnest tongue proclaim,
How faithful thou hast kept thy vow.

There is with thee a living power,
Which well sustains the bliss of life;
The joy of every passing hour,
Is thee, my absent, angel wife.

Where forest shades invite to prayer,
Where lingers golden sunset rays;
Thy name in fond remembrance there,
Shall call to mind departed days.

D. W. MARVIN.

Naples, Ontario Co., N. Y.

From Life Illustrated.

LITTLE WILLIE CHESTER.

A SKETCH FOR PARENTS—BY REBECCA.

Mary Lake, a warm friend of mine, was educated at one of our fashionable boarding-schools, and when she left school she could speak French and play the piano admirably. At the age of twenty, two years after she "came out," she was married to a Mr. Chester, of Boston, a young and wealthy merchant.

A few years after her marriage I went to Boston to visit her, and found her the mother of a bright, interesting boy of two years. Little Willie, she told me, was a feeble, delicate child, but she hoped as he grew older he would increase in strength and vitality.

'Bridget,' said she one morning, as her cook passed the door where we sat talking over childhood days, "when you fry the dough nuts, you may send Willie up some, for the poor little fellow hasn't eaten a morsel of breakfast, and he thinks he can eat a warm cake."

'Yes marm, I'll remember; but I guess if he was brung up in the ould country, where he couldn't get a wee bit for his stomach but potatoes and salt, ye wouldn't have any trouble about his not eating well!'

'Bridget, do not compare Willie with a stout Irish child; he has a more delicate organization.'

'I don't think, marm, he is to be compared with um; for our prais couldn't save one of ours a week, with all the good things in its stomach that

ye puts into Willie's,' and Bridget turned away, putting her great foot down with force enough to jar the whole house.

'I do think servants are real trials,' said Mary, when her cook was out of hearing, 'they are so impatient.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'Irish help generally say what they please; but I am really afraid, Mary, the cakes will make him sick. I couldn't eat them.'

'Oh, no, they never hurt him; I have always given him just what he could relish ever since he was a year old. I think if you keep children on too plain food, it weakens their stomachs, and they never can eat any other kind.'

A short time after, a plate of hot dough-nuts and a glass of jelly found their way to the room where we sat, and Mary seemed delighted to find that Willie had recovered his appetite. That night he complained of sickness, and before morning Mary came to my room and wished me to come into the nursery to see him. I told her he was very sick, and she at once dispatched a servant for a physician. I gently hinted that cold water externally applied might relieve him; but no, she wouldn't for the world do anything until she had first consulted the doctor.

'Inflammation of the stomach, madam,' said the doctor, as he heard the loud hiccough.

'Is he dangerously sick?' asked Mary, as she fixed her eyes upon the physicians with an anxious and inquiring glance.

'He is, madam; but he has inherited a strong constitution from his parents, and that is much in his favor. 'I will do what I can for him.' Accordingly he opened his trunk, took out a phial, and ordered a few drops of its contents to be given every half hour until the pain ceased, and requesting them to inform him immediately if he appeared to grow worse.

Mary, alarmed at what the doctor had said, followed his directions to the letter, and the poisonous drops were poured by force down Willie's throat. They would have prostrated a well child and yet she expected them to cure her sick one. Poor, deluded mother!

We watched by Willie's bed for the next twenty-four hours, but I saw that he was continually growing worse.

'Oh, he is a great deal sicker,' said Mary the following morning, as the physician made an early call. 'I'm afraid we haven't given him drops enough.'

'Yes, he is worse,' replied the doctor, as he dropped the little boy's hand after feeling his pulse, 'very much worse.'

'Oh, mamma, mamma,' said Willie, as he raised his little hand, 'I tant see 'ou—tum and tiss Willie.'

Mary, with tears streaming down her cheeks, bent and kissed over and over again her darling boy. I turned away to wipe my eyes. I knew it was death.

'He is dying,' said the doctor, a few moments after.

'My Willie! My darling Willie! He must not, he can not die—do something quick, doctor!' and she wrung her hands in anguish.

Only a short time intervened before little Willie, with his head resting upon my arm, took his

flight from earth to a bright land above, and his heart-stricken mother was left alone. Oh, what bitter anguish filled her breast as she gazed upon the lifeless form of her beloved child! The future seemed to be like a dismal way, without one ray of light to brighten her path! Her idol was gone.

At the funeral the good old clergyman prayed, as he stood over Willie's little coffin, that the bereaved parents might be submissive to God's will; that he had taken their child from them in the morning of his days for some unseen good, and for some wise purpose, though it was hard to believe it now. The parents tried to join in the prayer for submission, but it was a hard prayer for them to say.

After the funeral ceremonies were over I tried every way in my power to soothe Mary's grief, but I felt that my words must seem like mockery.

A few days after I returned to my home, and when I saw my little ones in health, I could but shed tears of sorrow over the poor, murdered, little Willie.

Two years have passed away since Willie died. A few days since I received a letter from Mr. Chester, saying that another little Willie had opened his eyes upon life, to cheer and brighten their desolate home, and Mary wanted I should come and tell her just what she must do for him; for they now believed if they had known how to have rightly managed their first little one, he might yet have been with them. I replied by letter, giving her such directions as I followed with my children, and charging her over and over again to give no medicine whatever, and concluded my epistle by promising to come and see her in a few months. When I go I have no doubt that I shall find her the mother of a healthy babe, and that he will live to be a comfort and blessing to his parents in future life.

Reader, I have drawn no fancy sketch; it is taken from life; I can point you to hundreds of parents who have lost children under similar circumstances.

Parents, "when will you cease violating the plain laws of God written in the physical constitution of your child? And when you violate them to an extent that death is the penalty, when will you cease throwing the responsibility upon your Creator? You would blame no one but yourself if you threw your child into a fire and he was burned to death; and why not do the same when you violate another law of nature, by giving that child food and medicine that are poison to his system."

THE CAMPAIGN EDUCATES.—Henry Ward Beecher says: "It is not enough to get a man's vote. In America, elections are times of national education. Men read and think more of public affairs in four months than in four years of ordinary life. Every man who is led to vote right should do it through a process that will leave him a better informed and a more intelligent man all the rest of his life. We wish the success of the Republican party by an educational enthusiasm."

Ladies should bear in mind that of all habits, that of walking is the cheapest. It is also the best.

For The Lily.

WAIFS.

It is the first night of the season. The most fashionable theatre of the metropolis is fast filling up with a motly throng. Vatricians and parvenus, critics, eager to scan the beauties and defects of the new diamond; amateurs, anxious to gratify their love of art; poets, authors, editors, seeking a morcean for the morrow's paper; fashionables who flock to the levee of each new hero; all swell the tide which floats in through the open doors. Gems flash in the glare of the lamps; faces are wreathed with expectant smiles, and hearts throb with anticipation of a new pleasure. The scene presents a curious melange of the most dissimilar characters who find here, perhaps, the first and only point of union in their lives. It is the eve of the advent of a bright star. The Queen of tragedy, after having subdued the Old World, comes to take a fresh ovation in the New; and fathers bring their daughters, and brothers their sisters, and husbands fair young brides, to swell the triumphal train of one from whom, in different surroundings, they would have shrunk without even a pitying glance. But the picture is well-gilt, and is endorsed by those high in authority; and should not these vouchers be sufficient to secure popular favor?

Listen! The rich tones of the overture have ceased, the curtain falls, and the noble Roman maiden stands before us. We forget the place and ourselves, we lose sight of the petty annoyances of the resting leaves of the play-books and the mal-apropos remarks of the unappreciating, and are carried back through the lapse of centuries to the infant days of the Eternal City. Our hearts beat light in the intensity of the struggle which is to determine the destinies of the rising city, we feel the wild contest between Roman pride and human feeling in the breast of the maiden, the flickering light of hope in the heart all to loving for the Spartan spirit, the concentrated agony of the single exclamation wrong from her by the tidings of the death of her lover, the indignant strength of her cassandra-like malediction which has since fallen but too truly on unhappy Rome. The curtain falls; 'twas but a play, and the great heart of the audience bounds back to its wonted pulsation, while murmurs of applause burst from the lips of those who have thus been beguiled into forgetfulness of realities, and boquets moistened with tear-dew fall at the feet of "Camille." A smile wreathes her lips as she accepts the homage; she has brought a new kingdom to her feet and has added another leaf to the laurels which already bound her brow.

Does any one here remember, that, when one of America's noblest daughters—a pure and earnest and holy woman—stood in this self-same place, but a few months since, and pleaded the cause of the oppressed with God-given eloquence; dark looks were cast at her and lips curled with scorn because a woman dared speak these truths. Her life was spotless, her intellect of a high stamp; her talents devoted to God and Truth—but she was not "the fashion." But some of the seed sown among the flints that day has sprung up; and though choked by thorns and thistles and watered by the dews of affliction, it will yet grow until some fruit marks its maturity.

With our hearts still full of the scene we have first witnessed, and ready to appreciate any new exhibition of the Roman spirit; let us go down this street for a few blocks till we reach one of the many houses which are retailed to the poor at starving prices. The door is ajar; we enter noiselessly and go up to a dimly lighted attic. Two women and a child are lying on a couch at the further end of the room. Very beautiful do they look with the moonlight falling on their pale, fine faces; one hand of the younger woman is buried in the curls of the boy, while the other is twined lovingly around her sister's neck. We approach, we speak; they move not, answer not; alas, they will speak no more. The Death Angel has hovered round their couch, and an empty vial tells the only tale of their transition from the known to the unknown world.

Would you know their history? It is a very common one; thousands, lacking nothing but the denouement, might be told you any day by as

many of our sisters. They came from the land of the beautiful Rhine; a broken-hearted woman, betrayed by one whom she had trusted too well, with the child who was an unconscious thorn and a balm, and a noble sister who still clung to her and taught her to hope for a brighter future.—Here she hoped to wash away the sin of her youth, and here too they thought that willing hearts and skillful hands would procure them the means of subsistence. For a time they succeeded in earning a bare support with their needle, and gave, ungrudgingly, their whole life in exchange for the means of living. But a dark day came, their employment ceased and with it their bread. They sought work earnestly and were everywhere refused, sometimes harshly, sometimes kindly; in a few weeks or months they might find employment, but what was to satisfy the wants of to day. Bravely they struggled for a time enduring want and care, and insult, and temptation, until the truth looked them sternly in the face that they must choose between dishonor and death;—and they chose the latter. Reader, would you not have done the same?

So with loving farewells they drank of the poisoned cup, and then lay down to die in each others arms, with murmurs of home upon their lips, and memories of their fair Rhine-land with its rocks and cataracts, flitting through their brains.

Tomorrow the sun will peer curiously into the dusty chamber, and with it will come a crowd of eager spectators, attracted to the spot by the reported suicide. The Coroner with his posse of jurors and attendant physicians, all men, will be there; they will scrutinize the bodies curiously and perhaps reverently; they will discuss the matter with their own comments, talk learnedly of the nature of poisons, and bring a verdict of "suicide from poison." Will common decency never convince the public of the propriety of appointing competent, intelligent women, when their own sex is in question? All women, whatever may be their station in society, whatever the manner of their death, whether by accident or design, are subjected to this inquest by men-jurors; alike repugnant to the delicacy and the feelings of the survivors. Can nothing be done to put away this wrong?

The matter will furnish material for a telling paragraph in the morning paper, and the merchant will say, "It is a horrible thing," with a shrug which may be interpreted, "for people to be poor," as he hastens down to Wall street to lose himself among the stocks and dividends; the Pharisee will say, "How wicked;" the young girl will drop a tear scarce less heartfelt as that bestowed on "Camille;" and the philanthropist will sigh as he thinks of his own light purse and sees the need of devising more extended means of aid to the unfortunate than individual charity can bestow. It is the topic of the day; to-morrow it will be forgotten, except perhaps, in some stray country cottage, where a paper comes by chance and where this one may have penetrated.

It is a fearful thing that here, in the midst of our wealth and waste, three human beings should be reduced to this horrible alternative; that they must say, "There are too many women in the world, we shall not be missed; let us die lest a worse sin come upon us. One such fact ought to overturn any system that might lead to it. Let every woman take upon herself a solemn vow that she will never rest until the bitter wrong which forced these women to this step is banished from our land, lest she be found consenting to their death.

Two of the erring ones of the world have made their exit to night, having played out their role.—The one steps forth among applause and boquets, and homage, to dream of her triumph and to wish that there was yet another world to conquer.—The other dies a Roman death in darkness and silence, to wake in another state of being. But she will not be judged there by the judgment of the world. God perceives causes instead of effects.

When shall our great city, with its intellectual and commercial wealth and its often unjust, because unthinking public, accept the religion embodied in the new commandment, "That ye love one another." The day surely will come; let us all hasten its advent as much as may be by our

own exertions, and we shall find our reward in the fulfillment of the Eastern Saga: "That man shall see good in both abodes who brings happiness to the people of God."

MARY WARRINGTON.

New York.

For The Lily.

"The oldest Inhabitants."

How many and varied are the thoughts that crowd upon the mind, as we read the record of the death of the "oldest inhabitants." A century, perhaps more, has passed since he entered upon this sphere of existence, and of the myriads with whom he commenced the "journey of life," not one is with him at its end. Years upon years have rolled away, since parents, wife, brothers and sisters, passed from his earthly vision. Years, so many, that his failing and treacherous memory, scarce retains a thought of them. His early companions,—those who joined him in his youthful sports, and shared his childhood griefs; who sat with him beneath the teachings of the village school, and with whom he walked in company to the house of God—he hardly remembers who or where they were.

His birthplace, the quiet village, has become a flourishing town, a populous city. Railroad cars have superseded the slow, lumbering stage-coach—steamships outstrip the sure packet—news tarrying not for wind or tide, fly upon the wings of the lightning through the length and breadth of the land. All these are objects of wonder and curiosity at one mement, then forgotten, when again he hears of them, they again are new.

While his children, or even his children's remained, he felt some clinging to life, but he sees them pass through maturity and old age to the grave, and these bustling youth are here so far removed that they are none of his. He has outlived every thing dear to him on earth. Life in its modes and manners is so changed that it has long since ceased to be such to him. He hears of the death of others with indifference almost envy—he would fain be through with this dragging existence.—Unto him they seem "blessed who die."

Thus the old man from whose furrowed brow even the white hairs have fallen, whose sunken eyes are darkened, who starts not at the crash of the thunderbolt, whose palsied limbs refuse to bear his weight, sits cheerless and alone, watching, hoping, praying for death's kind angel to "loose the silver cord and bear him to that world where no oldest inhabitant" is found for there years are not.

Verily there is poetry if not truth in the words that "Those whom the angels love die young," for to survive, all one's affections, interests, abilities, to linger here without the capacities of living, is sad indeed.

LIZZIE LEIGH.

Providence, R. I.

Resistance to Improvements.

The following from Archbishop Whateley's Annotations on Bacon's Essays, is a rich literary and scientific gem:

"It was the physicians of the highest standing that most opposed Harvey. It was the most experienced navigators that opposed Columbus' views. It was those most conversant with the management of the Post Office that were the last to approve of the plan of the uniform penny postage. For the greater any one's experience and skill in his own department, and the more he is entitled to the deference which is proverbially due to each man in his own province, the more likely indeed, he will be to be a good judge of improvements in details, or even to introduce them himself; but the more unlikely to give a fair hearing to any proposed radical change. An experienced stage coachman is likely to be a good judge of all that relates to turnpike roads and coach horses; but you should not consult him about railroads and steam carriages. Again, every one knows how slowly and with what difficulty farmers are prevailed on to adopt any new system of husbandry, even when the faults of an old established usage, and the advantage of a change can be made evident to the senses."

For The Lily.

National Dress Reform Association.

MRS. BIRDSALL:—Would you like to hear of the successful meeting of the National Dress Reform Association, held in Homer, the 18th and 19th of June?

Although at first the subject might seem trivial, and persons come perhaps from curiosity, yet all could not fail to see there was a deep and abiding principle which actuated the movers of this reform.

Four meetings were held; three sessions in Wheadon Hall, and an evening meeting at the Congregationalist Church, when Dr. I. C. Jackson spoke to a full house.

The attendance throughout was good, but the weather was unfavorable for the long skirted population, as a light, drizzling rain fell, which made locomotion anything but a pleasing or easy task for persons so arrayed.

The utmost good will and harmony prevailed in all the meetings, and there was a strong desire for another session.

Letters were read expressing great sympathy with, and belief in, the need of this reform, and cheering words were spoken by and for reformers. Even the women made a great effort and talked in a public meeting, and if you could have heard them, you would have said they did it well. That they spoke the truth, all will feel, though all will not acknowledge, and more will not practice, but for what was said we are truly thankful, and trust it may be as good seed in good ground.

Many persons joined the Association, and tracts were purchased for distribution. From all quarters the tracts written by Miss Austin, of Glen Haven, is highly commended.

The friends of this reform should feel greatly encouraged by the evidence of the future triumph of their cause. A long time we know it must be before great light can come out of darkness, but does not the light glimmer?

It is not to be supposed that those who are now doing all their hands find to do, are to see the complete triumph, but the conviction of having lived the truth as they saw it, will be their reward, and the thought that those who shall come after them will be beautified shall give them courage.

Let us all then, who see the need of a change in woman's dress, shrink not from bearing our part of the trial, for the more we endure the more will we be capable of enduring, why then should we seek escape.

Do we fear to be out of fashion? Friends that have never tried it know not the relief it is to be free from the thought of getting out of fashion.—Make your own fashions and you will not get out.

While we acknowledge the superiority of the present style of reform dress over the common mode, we are far from believing it perfected, but each year that passes, and each person who wears it, will bring its, and their improvements, so that ultimately, dress shall have its uses without abuses.

Black, the Chemist.

The following is a description of Professor Black, the father of modern chemistry, and the discoverer of the latent heat of steam. It is taken from Lord Cockburn's Memorials—a work just published:—

"Dr. Joseph Black had, at one time, a house near us, to the west. He was a striking and beautiful person; tall, very thin, and cadaverously pale; his hair carefully powdered, though there was little of it except what was collected into a long thin queue; his eyes dark, clear, and large, like deep pools of pure water. He wore black reeekless clothes, silk stockings, silver buckles, and either a slim green silk umbrella or a genteel brown cane. The general frame and air were feeble and slender. The wildest boy respected Black. No lad could be irreverent towards a man so pale, so gentle, so elegant, and so illustrious. So he glided like a spirit through our rather mischievous sportiveness unharmed. He died seated, with a bowl of milk on his knee, of which, on his ceasing to live, he did not spill a drop; a departure which it seemed, after the event happened, might have been foretold of this attenuated philosophical gentleman."

For The Lily.

Times, Tastes and Fashions.

Times and tastes change often—especially taste. I remember when I thought all the luxuries and delicacies of the world combined, could not compete with raw onions and bread. Now, deliver me from raw onions and bread, if you please. Cucumbers too, also, were once my particular favorite, and when thinly and nicely sliced up, and swimming in vinegar as sharp as the tooth of poverty, I regarded them with the affection which a gormand feels when a fine, fat oyster lies plump and full in its divided shell, and just ready for swift and sure destruction. But now, lead me not in the way of cucumbers! In them I behold the very incarnation of death and cholera morbus. And so it is with many other things.—But it is not particular to myself, and that is a consolation.

Fashions change—change with every wind that blows. Fools change with them. They are true, nevertheless, better guides of the fashions than the church steeple's vanes are of the winds. I am sorry to number a portion of the fair sex among those who are too fond of fashion. But I am compelled to do so. The ladies of our times—that is, the fashionable ones and the apers of the fashion—are the greatest slaves in all the wide world. The reason why they are so is, because they do that which voluntarily brings upon them misery, pain, disease and death. Certain modes of dress are fashionable, consequently they must be dressed in accordance with them, or run the awful risk of being called unfashionable. Fashion demands that they should put their bodies to the rack, and torture them into the most inhuman shape. Obedient to the mandate, they lace themselves until the shoulder blades lap on each other, until the short, hard drawn breath, the hectic cheeks, and the hacking cough, proclaim that consumption, the natural consequence of such abuse, has seated itself in the vitals of life—until the icy hands of death is laid upon the fluttering heart, and stopped its beating forever! What a strange infatuation it is! How unaccountable, too! Why will woman, with all her natural good sense, regard a human frame deformed until a wasp might well be jealous of it, as an object of beauty?—Why, it is not beautiful—it is absolutely a sight of horror and dread. I never saw a tightly laced female without feeling a sensation of pain. Nature makes woman's form handsome, fashion makes them monstrous. Nature moulds them for health and long life; fashion shapes them for lassitude, disease and death. Women in olden times lived longer, simply because they lived naturally. The victims of fashion are among the young, over whose heads few winters have frowned, few summers have smiled. 'Tis in their foreheads that the untimely seals of death are often fixed. What infatuation! What maddened folly is this! When will this accursed custom, which is cutting down the rarest and best of creation in the prime of life and usefulness, and filling our church yards with the graves of the early dead, be abandoned forever? The hollow echo of the tomb answers, When?

J. S. G.

New Oxford, Aug. 2, 1856.

The Child's Faith.

We had had a long, cold ride, and I was very tired. After a short interview with the friends to whom our visit was paid, we retired to our chamber. Our little son, a lively, restless child, not yet three years old, was with us, and not inclined to sleep. At length I said to him: "Charley, mother is sick and tired, and cannot talk to night."

"Ma," said the little fellow. "God can make you well, can't he! Shall I ask him?"

"Yes my son," I replied. Then the little fellow started up in the cold room and kneeling on the bed clothes, folded his little hands and prayed. "O, good heavenly Father, please to make dear mother well by morning, for, Jesus' sake."—After this he crept into his bed, and in a few moments he was fast asleep.

Next morning he awoke the earliest light and

waking me, said, "Are you well this morning, mother?"

"Yes, my son, I feel very well indeed this morning."

"Oh I knew you would," said he, clapping his hands with joy: "I knew you would; for I prayed to God to make you well, and Jesus always hears little children when they pray."

Often since that time have I recalled my little boy's faith, and wished that the same simple, child-like confidence in the world and promise of God, were mine.

For The Lily.

Woman's best Friend.

BY JANIE RANGE.

The faithful monitor that prompts every good action is through the ever watchful eye of the great Shepherd of our souls, our most faithful friend. The small, still voice of the inward man is a sure agent of ministering graces. Conscience is that voice. How constant and true are its teachings and admonitions; how free does it bestow the most safe and wise counsels; and how is it abused when with a heedless way-ward rejection of that one wise counselor, the pilot to the path of rectitude, the female character spurns its noble and generous teachings. We are safe when guided by its morning and evening star. It hovers over the consecrated spot where the ever blessed Redeemer is to be approached and bids the feeble tempted one look to the Saviour for help when the evil of that spirit endeavors to counteract the promptings of the ever faithful monitor to make life's path-way bright, virtuous and happy.

A young lady of Gotham, who is at present summer resorting at Newport, thus writes to the New York Mirror: "This morning, I took my first bath in the sea, and it made the blood tingle from top to toe. What a funny scene—a hundred ladies, more or less, in a costume gayer than the chorus of an Italian opera. To see the belles of the hotels minus their hoops and other fixings, nobody would have known them, divested of their drawing room conventionalities, swimming about in white trousers and red frocks."

Hope writes the poetry of a boy, but memory that of a man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim; the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter, that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

For The Lily.

"DARLING."

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

I saw a fair form near me glide,
I heard a light step at my side,
And to her welcome I replied,
And whispered simply, *Darling*.

The rose-bush mantled her fair cheek;
Its eloquence—oh! words were weak,
And thought was poor, its praise to speak;
And so I whispered, *Darling*.

Her angel eyes upon me beamed,
With holy thoughts their pure depths teemed,
And with a tender rapture gleamed,
Because I whispered, *Darling*.

I've looked on forms in beauty's guise;
I've looked perhaps on lovelier eyes,
Where wit lay wrapped in dear disguise,
But did not whisper, *Darling*.

The heart alone; not wealth or fame;
Gives woman the unquestioned claim,
By which she wins and wears the name,
So sweet, so dear as *Darling*.

And all the bliss that earth can know,
And all life's weal without its woe,
We ask from one who can bestow
Such blessings, for our *Darling*.
HARLEM, N. Y., 1856.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., SEPTEMBER 15, 1856.

WANTED.

TWO COMPLETE SETS OF THE *UNA*, for which a good price will be paid. Any person having one or more volumes, or volumes nearly complete, that they are willing to dispose of, will confer a favor by communicating the fact to the Editor of *The Lily*.

July, 1856.

31.

Women as Politicians.

"Beware how you force women into the political arena."—*Conservative cry*.

We have preached from this text before, but then directed our thoughts to the point that we Woman's Rights folks plead for no such arbitrary power on the part of either woman or man; that none need tremble lest women lose her woman's sentiment, for out of the great heart of nature comes her mould and fashion of soul. Her heart has love and her hand thrift, threading the mazes of life and duty with a sweet grace, a heavenly spirit which would still be hers, though her slavery were more ignoble than now, or her liberties free as air. Look you, who fear for woman's strength in trial times, at her in her domestic relations—subject often to cold and harsh, and many times to the most heart-scathing outrages upon feeling; look at her grasping the griefs that are pressed upon her daily by the thoughtless one who calls himself "protector," and putting them far from her, suffers them not to furrow her brow, nor corrode her heart with ill-feeling or malice, but keeps these bright and clear for the good of those she must love and care for. We have seen women stand up strong and noble and beautiful, while the clashing of outrages upon her rights and feeling seethed around her, and though with a white lip, yet a bright eye—though an agonized heart, yet a clear head, though in a tangled pathway, yet a sure footing, though limited in mental and physical development, yet the steady hand laid strong hold on the intuitive right, and guided her enduring bark, laden with the home trusts, to the safe, strong Refuge. And yet it is said she is weak—beware how we force her out of the sheltered, the protected home. Ah! where are these sheltered and protected homes? If she is not there, there is home, if her hand ministers not there, the ashes will lie dead upon the hearth and its members scattered to the four winds.

Too long have we seen and felt the sad results of "force" in the exclusion of woman from her honorable representation in the incomparably important governmental relations. It matters not whether this woman or that or this class or that would take advantage of the power to have their thought and wish and will represented. It is not plausible that the silly who have "rights enough" would feel the dignity of their position, though it would

certainly grow upon them, and elevate their souls to a more commanding character; it would be the thoughtful, the truly whole-souled, the thinkers and the workers, who would feel that it was due from them to their own nature and needs, to their children, and, for the sake of good surroundings, to humanity for the sake of right.

It matters not whether any or all classes would use their right of suffrage. The question is one of innate rights, and the proof of any position depend on the positions that precede, and not on those that follow.

But it will be well for the faint hearted who have little trust in the integrity and intelligence of their sex, to remember that the possession of rights ennobles, and that all will gather from the inheritance of rightful power, discretion and nobility, that will stamp with more grace and truth every line of character, until we shall see our sex each and every one,

"A noble woman, truly,
In every liniment."

But "women as politicians," exclaim you; yes, women as honored politicians, say we; for they always have been and always will be politicians in some way or manner. It is impossible for them to separate their interests from the affairs of government. You can't point to one political principle that is not of equal interest to the husband and the wife, the brother and the sister. It is impossible to draw a line of demarkation. All are interested in the happiness of a free government, besides it is an axiom very applicable that "Divisions hinder the common interest and public good."

Please to note, for the sake of reference, when woman shall take her proper position in political affairs, the part that she is now playing, in the present canvass. Not that we have seen anything shocking to propriety, or wish to preach any prudish sermons, for we believe her presence at any meeting or parade has a good effect; but to our feelings it is the parade of vassals, and our indignation is aroused at the proscriptive spirit that sneers at the independent power of woman in national matters, yet condescends to "learn the unlucky art of wheedling" her influence for their party purposes, and to parade her thro' the streets for effect, to swell the throng. We cannot but praise the desire of woman to hear good speakers, but that she should lend herself a willing tool to man's party machinations, is by no means to our taste. When he acknowledges her equality of interest, and her right to serve that interest, we shall have other thoughts to think, and other words to write.

THE CAYUGA CHIEF.—We have received no copy of this excellent and stirring paper, which came from Auburn as regularly as clock-work, since it was moved to its new home at Fort Atchison, Wis. It is too noble, strong, good and true for us to lose. Please send again.

Richmond Stores.

We are not a little proud of the neat, comfortable and home look presented by several of our stores. Those in which ladies are employed, carry the palm. When we are shopping, we like to be waited on by those who have some natural idea of what we want, and who know what they are talking about. This facilitates the otherwise tedious process of selecting and comparing goods, very wearisome to many.

First, to our mind, is the store of STRATTAN & COFFIN, northwest corner of Main and Pearl streets, where our friend Lydia W. Vanderburg presides over excellent, well-selected and reliable goods, with a sisterly grace and thoughtfulness that makes the place feel like "home, sweet home." There we often step in to buy goods, and exchange a friendly word.

A few steps from here we find a very precise, orderly store, and first-rate goods dealt out by Elizabeth Swain, with a very invigorating life and perseverance. Of Elizabeth, too, we often purchase commodities, and change a social word.

Further up on Main street, we find Joshua R. Haines' store, where good and beautiful goods can always be had. This gentleman was the first in Richmond to employ a lady in his store, and although we are informed he has none at this time, still we seldom fail to find ladies there, and the air of elegance and thrift about this establishment must please.

Then, still farther east, at the northeast corner of Main and Franklin streets, is Thaddeus Wright's new store, fitted up in capital style, and where we have found goods that we opine could not be surpassed in the West. Here, too, are two young ladies, Sarah Williams and Susan Barnard, who will wait on you with great kindness of manner and most likely show you goods just what you want.

Near Wright's is Jackson's store, who can tell all about his goods himself, and where Miss Mary Garretson is cashier, and always impresses us with a sense of the beautiful, as she moves about at her pleasant occupation.

How superior in activity and effort, and beautiful employ, are the lives of these young ladies compared with the drawling dolls of idleness who dress and call and stare through partially opened shutters at passers by, and sigh their precious maidenhood away in silly ennui. Not one of these ladies need an encomium from us; but it is pleasant to oneself to utter friendly words; their independent occupation has its own reward, and is truly so admirable that we wonder any one can rest satisfied without some stated occupation that will bring with it conscious usefulness, present and future independence.

We recommend our friends in the adjoining towns and villages to give these stores their preference.

She that marries a man because he is a "good match," must not be surprised if he turns out "a Lucifer!"

Fallen in Kansas.

HENRY J. SHOMBRE.—We regret to record the death of this gentleman, recently a citizen of Richmond—one universally respected, an active, earnest temperance man, and a generous philanthropist. He fell in an encounter between a party of five hundred Free State men and a force of pro-slavery men, near the town of Lecompton. Full particulars of his death will be written by Dr. Avery, an accomplished and intelligent Physician, who is one of the Richmond company.

LOST—LOST!—Neither money, jewelry or friends, but a *subscriber*. At Council Bluffs, Iowa, lives one Buchanan man, evidently, for he writes to us:

"Be kind enough to send me in future a blank sheet. I want no abolition, disunion sheet near me. If you can't send a blank one, please not send it at all. S. S. H."

How imposing! But we *can*, in our view, order of another publisher just the one now asked for. We should have no objection to hear how the "blank sheet" suits the gentleman.

"Who crooks the hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning." We lay down our sense of justice, our love of Liberty at no man's feet. They are anchored in our heart of hearts, and go out in their few worded missions to suggest, encourage and defend.

THE FALL CONVENTIONS.—It is high time the calls for these Conventions were issued. We have been looking anxiously for the announcement from the persons left with the authority, of the days in October for the National Woman's Rights Convention. Let us hear from them immediately.

THE LADIES ENTERPRISE.—We are pleased to know from private correspondence, that our frequent selections from this paper are prized. It is always welcomed to our sanctum, and we receive no paper that contains so many good and pleasant articles.

Mrs. Mary A. Denison, editor, E. A. Norris, Proprietor—office No. 5 Washington st., Boston. Send \$2 in advance, and insure it at least for one year, as a weekly visitor.

The Sybil.

Some time since we gave our readers a hurried notice of this new paper, and intended to call attention more particularly to it in our last, but not receiving any more numbers, we did not know of its fate. So we were highly pleased at the coming of the August 15th number, from which we learn that the editor, Dr. Lydia Sayer, was united in marriage to Mr. J. W. Hasbrouck, the publisher of the Sybil. We tender our best wishes to them.

The following is from a correspondent of the Elmira Advertiser:

"We were among the few assembled at the residence of the bride's father, in Warwick, Orange county, July 27th, to witness the marriage of Mr. John W. Hasbrouck, editor of

the Whig Press, Middletown, N. Y., with Dr. Lydia Sayer, editor of The Sybil, of the same place. The bride was dressed in the reform costume—skirt of white India book, with pants of white Satin; a basque of brocade silk, (color ashes of roses,) trimmed with deep lace; no ornaments except a simple breast pin. The ceremony was performed by themselves. The bride ignored that part of the accustomed marriage ceremony which demands of woman undue subjection and obedience, yet promised equally with the groom to stand true to his side in all the duties of life—each appealing to the other for their approval, and each consenting to the terms adopted by themselves. A short and very appropriate prayer was offered by the elder brother of the bride. The beauty and simplicity of the ceremony made a favorable impression on all present, and each felt that the bride had added a new laurel in favor of Truth and Reform.

Newburg, July 28, 1856.

The "ceremony" extemporized for the occasion, our readers will be interested in reading:

Joining hands, the Groom said: "Acknowledging the authority of that law which demands a public recognition of marriage, in the presence of God and before these witnesses, I promise to take you, Lydia Sayer, to be my lawfully wedded wife: to love and protect you through life, and to be to you in all things a true husband. Do you accept of these vows?"

BRIDE'S RESPONSE.

"In acceptance of the vows just made, I too promise before God and in presence of these witnesses, to take you whom I hold by my right hand to be my lawfully wedded husband. Yet while in this covenant I ignore that part of the accustomed marriage ceremony which demands of woman undue subjection and obedience, I promise equally with you to walk by your side through life, meeting the duties and requirements devolving upon us in every sphere of action, not renouncing my individuality in yielding unto you the true wife love and duty. Do you accept of this vow?"

Response—"I do."

THE GOOD ARE BEAUTIFUL.—"Oh, what an ugly little creature."

"She will be beautiful in heaven, madam," replied a lady.

"Will she, indeed!" returned the individual who spoke so lightly of the homely child. "I should like to know how you can tell that?"

"In the other life," returned the woman, "the good are all beautiful, and the evil deformed and ugly. No matter how fair a face a person may have had in this life, it will in the next world, be changed into beauty or ugliness, according as he has been good or evil."

"How do you know this?" inquired the first speaker.

"Any one who opens his eyes may see and know that this will be true," was replied.—"Is not the most beautiful face rendered disagreeable when any bad passion is felt and exhibited? And does not the homeliest face become pleasant to look upon when good affections are in the heart? In the other life we shall appear as we really are, and, of course, evil passions will deform the face, and good affections make it beautiful. And she will be beautiful in heaven, for she is a good little girl, homely as her face now is."

—And the woman was right.

Woman's Medical Hospital, New York.

We have not received a copy of the circular issued by the originators of this plan for the thorough practical education of women who desire to follow the profession of Medicine, but we find it in the Sybil, and gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to give it to our readers. Hundreds, we know, will be encouraged by it, and we trust that numbers will be induced to put in their word of encouragement, as well as contributing their assistance. So praiseworthy a movement should meet with the active co-operation of every *live* woman, as well as of every intelligent mind. The circular explains itself.

"The co-operation of all friends of Female Medical Education is earnestly invited to an effort which is now being made in New York for the establishment of a practical School of Medicine.

The great want which is felt at the present time by women who desire to follow the profession of Medicine, is the opportunity of studying by the bedside of the sick, for the hospitals are all closed to them, and yet hospital instruction is as indispensable to the student of medicine, as the musical instrument to the musician.

To meet this want, a number of ladies are engaged in collecting funds for the establishment of a Hospital for Women and Children, to be organized by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, Dr. Maria Zakrewska and Dr. Emily Blackwell. This Hospital, while it furnishes an opportunity for the thorough training of medical students, is designed to meet another want not supplied by hospitals generally, viz: an earnest religious influence on the patients. The principle on which it will be founded is that of a Christian charity for the sick poor. Scientific instruction will always be subordinate to the welfare of the patient; each individual, no matter how degraded, being regarded as a human soul as well as body. The instrument mainly relied on to influence the patients will be a body of carefully trained nurses, free from sectarian prejudice, but imbued with those great principles of truth which form a Christian life.

Private rooms will be reserved in the institution, where ladies of limited means may be admitted for a moderate charge. Such a provision is much needed by a multitude of refined women who are suffering for want of medical aid which they are unable to pay for.

New York is chosen as the seat of this institution, because it presents peculiar advantages for the organization of a free hospital, and regarding it as the great medical centre for women, it is hoped that all parts of the country will aid in founding and supporting an institution whose benefits will be shared by all.

The sum of \$5,000 will be sufficient to carry on a hospital of 40 beds for one year; at the end of that time it is believed that its value will be so clearly proved as to command continued support. All friends of the movement are urgently called on to aid in the collection of the amount needed for this practical trial.

Ladies who desire to assist are invited to join the Sewing Society, which meets every Thursday from 1 to 5 P. M., at the house of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, to prepare for a Fair (to be held in December next) the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Hospital Fund. Contributions of Useful or Fancy Articles, Books, Paintings, etc., are solicited for the Fair. During the summer valuable aid may be rendered by using leisure moments for the manufacture of suitable articles. Country friends are urged to remember the Refreshment Table, and contribute to its supply.

Donations in money may be sent to the following friends of the enterprise:

Mrs. Pendleton, No. 4 West 22th st., New York;
Miss Emily Howland, 78 Tenth st., "
Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, 79 East 15th, "
Stacy B. Collins, Esq., 155 Bleeker st., "
Robert Haycock, Esq., 46 Broadway, "
Merrit Trimble, Esq., 86 Broad street, "
Miss Catherine M. Sedgwick, Lenox, Mass.
Dr. Wm. Elder, Philadelphia;
George Willey, Esq., Cleveland.
James R. Lyle, Esq., Cincinnati.

Moral Independence,

Must throughout the whole world, command spontaneous respect. The cool, self-reliant, dispassionate manhood displayed in the card given below of Hallowell & Co., silk dealers, has given us a great pleasure, and is a credit to the city of "brotherly love." In this reign of terrorism, such noble expression of sentiment cannot fail to do good, and all must feel it to be a beautiful change, ringing bravery to our hearts amid the jargon of threats, attacks and demands rife in the political atmosphere.

We commend to our thousands of intelligent readers, East, West, North and South, and to those out of the United States, and over the "blue waters," it will prove that amid the jarring elements is still left us a good share of stamina and strength.

CARD.

We have been informed by a large number of our Southern customers that systematic and pertinacious efforts are constantly made to deprive us of a portion of our trade by appeals to the prejudices of buyers on the score of *unsound* political sentiments of some of the members of our firm.

We therefore feel it a duty we owe to ourselves and the commercial community in which we reside, to publicly declare that we have no apologies to make for our opinions, and that we will continue, as ever, to hold and express just such sentiments as our consciences and convictions dictate, without reference to the supposed views of customers, and in especial contempt of that class of dealers in our city who "sell their principles with their goods."

In this connection it is but justice to a large majority of our Southern friends to say that they thoroughly appreciate and heartily despise that cringing servility which seeks gain by insincere professions of devotion to the Southern institutions, or in the less manly, though more discreet form of innuendos as to a neighbor's sentiments.

If, after this, there are any who desire to know our views before purchasing from us, we can best reply by embodying in this note an extract from a letter written by us some months since, which will explain itself:

"The members of our firm, entertaining a wide difference of views on various topics, and as many opinions on the slavery question as there are members of it, are fully united on *one point*, namely, that where any person presumes to demand, as a preliminary to purchasing from us, that he shall know our opinion on Slavery, or any other mooted question in Religion or Politics, he shall be informed, as we now tell you, that he cannot purchase from us for cash or upon *any* terms, until he shall have amply apologized for the insult.

MORRIS L. HALLOWELL & Co.
Philadelphia, 9th mo., 22d, 1856.

From The Ladies Enterprise.

I have Compassion on the Multitude.

I have compassion on the multitude, they labor they press—they throng.

"The world and its host of vanities urge
And, borne on the crest of the dancing surge
Those rebel hearts are gay."

There is a straight gate and a narrow way, but the multitude turn not in thither;—and without are dogs and whoremongers, and all uncleanness, and thither do the multitude go.

We is to the multitude, that calleth evil good and good evil.

And here is pride, with its scarlet coat, and envy, with its serpent eye, and slander with its tongue of fire; and sin in every hideous garb stalketh forth, seeking whom to devour; and lo! beneath its ruthless tread, lie crushed hopes, and quivering faith, and bleeding innocence, and childhood—struggling, imploring childhood.

Who are these that go softly mourning as they go, whose raiment is sackcloth and whose spirit is the spirit of heaviness?

These be they who go not with the multitude, who receive not in this world their good things, but who shall shine as the stars in the firmament forever and ever.

And oh! the multitude—the day is far spent, and the night is at hand and they have naught to eat.

Where is the bread from heaven?—where are those living waters, the which when a man drinketh, he shall never thirst?

There shall be another multitude. In that day shall there be joy and mourning, and sorrow and praise.

In that day shall they come from the east, and from the west; then shall he say to those on his right, "Come ye blessed of my Father."

DAISY DELL.

National Dress Reform Association.

We are indebted to some one for a Tract, No. 1, on Dress Reform, issued by this Association. This number is written by Harriet N. Austin, and is good, well-written and practical. For the encouragement of that brave little army scattered over the country, who not only approve of a healthful attire, but are intent to *wear* one so long as they have their own physical health to care for, we subjoin a portion of this article, and recommend all such to open a correspondence with the National Association:

To those, whether in Maine or Georgia, in Iowa or Florida, or wherever scattered, who are wearing this dress from principle, we offer our congratulations and sympathies. You are not alone, nor is your cause a weak one. You may feel almost discouraged sometimes, and long for support, but remember there are many other brave souls struggling on in this cause, even as you are, by themselves. Do not desert them. Do not lessen their number even by one. You cannot calculate the influence of your course in this matter. Wherever you go you preach a sermon. You may be opposed, ridiculed and persecuted. It is glorious to suffer persecution for the truth's sake, and there are some who, though they say it not, will feel in their hearts that you are right. Be firm, decided, and independent, at the same time that you are calm, gentle and courteous. Dress simply, tastefully, and in accordance with your means, and you will make converts. Our cause must triumph for it is of God.

We subjoin a description of the "Reform Dress for the benefit of those who wish to adopt it.

One great object of the dress is to distribute the clothing equally over the entire body. This object is secured by wearing thick under garments, made so as to cover the limbs.

Waists can be worn with long sleeves for winter, and short ones for summer.

The pants (which are not mere pantalets) should be lined, and are often wadded. They are to be buttoned to the waists. Persons differ as to the proper size, but care should be taken that they are not worn too large, not more than eight inches in breadth.

If skirts are worn they should be very light, very short, of color similar to the dress, and supported by the waist.

If the dress be made of a material that does not require washing, the skirt should be lined; it is often wadded throughout—this being done, skirts are not needed. Double skirts are made; the first skirt being the length of an ordinary Reform Dress, and the second about half the length of the first. Both may be trimmed. The dress is made to come a little below the knee, often shorter.

The waist may be made plain, gathered or plaited. A plain, loosely-fitting waist, fastened with buttons, is very common. What is called a yoke or infant waist is used. Vest and basque waists are without objection.—Bones and bodices are not admissible.

Sleeves may be plain or full, but not flowing.

Shoes should be thick and warm. Boots are very proper for women's use. Long woolen socks, knit of coarse yarn, make very comfortable over-shoes for riding or walking in winter.

Beaver or plush hats, and fur or velvet caps are useful for winter. Straw or silk hats, plainly trimmed, for summer.

Shawls are not becoming. Large sacks, well lined and wadded, coming nearly to the bottom of the dress, are worn. A pelisse, made with loose waist and sleeves, skirt a little shorter than the dress, with a cape somewhat deeper than the waist, the whole to be lined and wadded, is recommended. The cape may be separated from the pelisse, and worn without it.

Single capes of silk or merino, and single sacks are suitable for summer.

Nearly all the fabrics generally worn may still be used. For winter use, broadcloth is the very best for dresses, coats and capes.—Other goods in proportion to their warmth and durability are valuable.

Another object should be to use such materials as will obviate the necessity for so great number and variety of dresses as ladies usually require.

For The Lily.

Communication from Mrs. M. A. Bronson

Among the numerous discouragements which the Reformer encounters, the inconsistencies and fixed prejudices in favor of law and established customs among the very ones we design to benefit, occupy no unimportant place. It is said that all the property held by individuals in the country, passes through the legal form of settling Estates of deceased persons once in 60 years. We continually see these things. Not a neighborhood but witnesses it in more or less instances every year, or few years at least. So important is this business in this State, that the time of Court of Probate is nearly occupied with this alone. But people view these things in a very different light, according to their knowledge of the legal merits of these transactions, and their pre conceived opinions.—Thus, one sees manifest injustice in dividing up the Estates, setting off barely the use of one third for the Widow, called the Widow's Dower; yet, giving the other two thirds to the heirs. They deem it wrong that the widow has only the *use* of her third of the Estate with no right to sell without an order from Court, and no power to will, bequeath, or give away; while the heirs gain, at age, full right to their part, with all the privileges of property holders. Yet the widow may have done as much to accumulate this property as her husband has, who may will or give it all away from her, and her children, except the use of a third while she lives. She may indeed have been the sole agent through whose exertions this property has been accumulated, yet the law takes upon itself to say that the widow shall not own a dollar of the Real Estate when her husband dies. Is it not unjust to make these distinctions? Where is the farmer, at least, who dares say that his wife has not done as much as himself, to accumulate the property? Or, where is the mechanic that could say that his

wife has not laboured equally with himself? Where is the man in the wide world who would sanction a law, that when his wife dies, would deprive him of all he has accumulated, except the use of a third? Yet such a law would be no more unjust for them, and indeed not as much so, for they have the nerve to go forth into the world to strike out a new home. Yet they seem to think such a law all well enough for women, who are almost entirely excluded from every avenue of lucrative employment, although our Poor Houses are filled with women from whom their life toil has been rent by Probate Courts, greedy heirs, and Lawyers fees.

Other persons see these transactions connected with settling up Estates with no other feelings than that the law is doing its duty, and that the widow ought to be very thankful that a third is set off to her, instead of being turned out of doors, as she might be, and that she ought to be religiously grateful that she is not in heathen lands, and by public sentiment condemned to the funeral pyre of her deceased lord and master.

But for the inconsistencies of the worshipers of law and custom. Now, everybody knows that this settling up Estates is a very important matter, especially in the country where everybody knows everybody's business. After the Law has done its work of devastation and ruin, the worshipers of custom and Law begin to discover that there is "some wrong somewhere," as Aunt Cloe did, yet possess far less disposition to fix it where it belongs. After due deliberation they discover one fact, and that is, that the widow Jones is badly wronged by some body. Of course it is not the Law! That *must* be right. It was just so in Connecticut, as long ago as they can remember. But then there is some wrong somewhere, for the widow Jones has only a little piece of land out of that great farm she worked so hard to help pay for, and which, if rented, "don't bring much." She has lost nearly all those nice beds, and then all those carpets and blankets that she worked so hard to make. The larder too is quite lean—the cellar disemboweled, and the cupboards cleared out; and lo! not a working tool, a yoke of oxen, or even an old horse and cart on the place. And now it is discovered that the children, or heirs have by some slight of hand or necromancy got nearly all into their possession. Bye and bye it is said, very mournfully, "she'll have to break up; the widow Jones will. How can a woman get along so?" Well I don't see as she can; even a man would find it difficult. Perhaps then, to save this result, a son comes home to conduct the farm. He brings his share of the divided Estate, hires or purchases the other heirs' rights, and rents the widows thirds, and all goes into his hands, and the widow becomes an incumbrance. But should the son have a wife, which is not a very uncommon circumstance in these parts, the very mischief is to pay. Now the Miss Grundy's are fairly waked up; they don't approve of injustice—they never did, and what is more, they never will. Oh what a poor abused woman widow Jones is. John Jones, junior, and his wife Sally are awfully dishonest, or selfish, or something equally bad. But he's not so much to blame, John isn't, it is all his wife's doings, *she influences him so*. Now at last the Dagon in the camp is found. Mrs. John Jones junior, has got into her possession all the poor widow Jones' hard earnings. "Poor widow Jones, how I do pity her," exclaims one; "She's always worked so hard," responds another; "Her heart is so full of trouble," chimes in a third, and ill, on account of the usurpation, and injustice, and covetousness, and artfulness, and terrible influence of Mrs. John Jones, junior. Now the Miss Witherskins wonder if the widow Jones will ever get married again. Miss Selina Ann don't believe but what she will, if she gets an offer, but don't much think she will. Miss Judith Priscilla Pearrinkle thinks she will change her condition if she can get a good home. "Dear me, the poor widow Jones," exclaims Mrs. Treadmen, "I must go and see her; yes we'll have one more cup of tea together, and we'll talk over the matter, indeed we will, and I guess Mrs. John Jones junior, will get her due, won't she tho'."

In the name of reason and common sense, why cannot these croakers, as numerous as locusts all through our rural districts, and quite as destructive, see at a glance that were the present order of set-

ting up Estates of deceased persons superceded by laws placing husband and wife as co-equals as they are co-laborers, that all this injustice would cease. In this case the widow would keep her home and her hard earnings to give to her children as she saw fit, and as they needed. She would have full discretionary powers which would prevent this injustice of being robbed of her life's toil. If she chooses to give it up as the husband or widower does sometimes now, she could do so. And who would not trust a mother to do justice to her children, with as much confidence as a father. Would she oftener squander the property, or discard, or disinherit her children? If she chooses to conduct the business still, let her have the power and the means of doing so; let her be responsible for the debts. If she were a good manager (and many women thus left have proved themselves thus) she would at the close of the year be able to pay some of the debts, and from year to year do so, and still make the property more valuable for those who come after her. She would have a home for her children, and those good and useful articles which every housekeeper needs to make them comfortable, and which she has the best possible right to in the world. In the name of Justice, is it not right—is it more than she should have? Has not every person an indisputable right to their own earnings? Is it human—is it honest to take one's property, the avails of their days of health and strength, and give it to another, while they live and need it? Then how much tattling, silly misconstruction and weak sympathy it would save in every neighborhood in the land which are important in proportion to the injury done and the peace destroyed. How much hickering about son's wives, and family discord it would prevent. A not unimportant question when we reflect that all the Estates in our country are settled up once in 60 years, and that the heirs generally have difficulty, and family discord grows out of it. But Oh! blessed boon of freedom, how much more elevated the position of woman as wife and mother. Behold she is transformed from a thing—an incumbrance to an individual possessing all the rights of a property holder, with its powers and responsibilities. She holds in her hands a check rein over wayward sons, and is looked up to by her daughters for favors, which none are more willing or have a better right to yield, for with this property right she must be invested with the legal control of her children. They cannot be separated without manifest injustice and inconsistency. She now has the power to sway that little empire, the household, as well as to bear its burthens. Her daughters no longer sew for the clothing stores, or try to peddle paper flowers for a living. Her sons are at home summers, and at school winters, where she places them to make them worthy sons of an honored, departed father. They no longer scattered abroad, lounging around public places for the want of a home, and steady employment, or fleeing from the hard restraint of a guardian, who has not one feeling in common with them.

How beautiful is Justice. Let us worship at her shrine until all the wrongs and oppressions on earth are removed.

A SUDDEN CONVERSION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The simple story I am about to relate possesses much interest for those who were ever acquainted with the parties concerned, and to others its interest will not only be in its truth, but also in the peculiar soul-touch it develops.

In one of the northern towns of Vermont, lived a young man whom I shall call Daniel Bryam. He was a lawyer by profession, and one of the most intellectual men in that section of the country. No one possessed the confidence of his friends more than did he, and no one was better calculated to secure the good will and friendship of all with whom he came in contact. Business poured in upon him, and he failed not to give the utmost satisfaction.

At the age of twenty-seven, Bryam took to himself a wife from among the most favored ones of the country. Mary Felton experienced a strange

appearance. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on, and his jug was in his hand.

"Ah—Moses—how are you?" he gasped for he could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him a few moments in silence. Then, as his features assumed a cold, stern body and soul up to the demon of appetite. For three years he followed the social custom of the times without neglecting much of his business, but finally sunk into the lowest pit of degradation. At the age of five-and-thirty, he had become a confirmed drunkard. He now neglected his clients altogether, for he could not remain sober long enough at any one time to carry a case through court. The only business he had now upon his hands was the collection of some few small debts.

On the evening of his thirty-fifth birth-day he joined the Washingtonians, and once more his bright genius shone out upon the world. But it could not last long; amid the examples of those who were his constant companions he went back to the cups, and down he sank as rapidly as he had risen. In one short year from that time he was a miserable thing. People who had left notes and accounts with him to collect, call at his house, and upon inquiring of his wife where he was, she would tell them that he was away. Poor woman! they could not bear to dispute her, and they would go their way, though they knew full well that the remains of Daniel Bryam were prostrate upon his bed-room floor.

One day a Mr. Vinson called to see him. Vinson had left notes and accounts to the amount of several thousand dollars with Bryam to collect, and he was anxious about them. His poor wife answered him as usual—that her husband had gone away.

"My dear madam," returned Mr. Vinson, "I know your misfortune, and I appreciate your feelings, but I must see your husband. If I can see him for even one moment, I can learn all I wish to know."

Mary Bryam spoke not a word, but with a tearful eye she turned away, and Mr. V. followed her. He found Bryam in a back room stretched at full length upon the floor, with a jug of Medford rum by his side! With much effort Vinson aroused the poor man to a state of semi-consciousness, and asked him if he had done any thing about the notes and accounts he had left with him.

"Yes," returned the lawyer, in a weak, husky, hiccupping voice. "I've had the money for you over a month. I've deducted my percentage, and you'll find the rest in that trunk. Mary's got the key."

Mrs. Bryam was called in, the key was produced, and Mr. Vinson found his money—four thousand and some odd hundreds of dollars—all right and safe.

In his worst moments Bryam never used for himself a single penny he held in trust. Hundreds there were who labored hard to reclaim the wanderer, but without effect. Year after year went by, and he sank lower and lower, yet his wife left him not. Her brother, a young lawyer, named Moses Felton, often urged her to forsake her husband, and at the same time offering her a comfortable home beneath his own roof but she would not listen.

At length all hope was given up. Week after week would the fallen man lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such an other case was ever known. He was too low for conviviality, for those with whom he would have associated would not drink with him. All alone in his own office and chamber, he drank the accursed poison, and even his very life seemed the offspring of the jug.

In early spring, Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the brother. "You are all faded away, and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

"Hush, Moses, speak not so," answered the wife, keeping back the tears. "I will not leave him now. But he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer."

At that moment Daniel Bryam entered the apartment. Even Moses Felton was startled by his

pride when she gave her hand to the young lawyer, and if none envied her, many at least prayed that they might be as fortunate.

But ere long a cloud came over the scene. Conviviality ran high among the members of the bar, and young Bryam possessed one of those peculiar temperaments which at length give the whole expression, he said, in a calm, but strongly emphasized tone:

"Daniel Bryam, I have been your next best friend but one. My sister is an angel—but mated with a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved man before, for you were noble, generous and kind but I hate you now, for you are a perfect devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—the only sister God ever gave me. I wish her to live with me, but she will not while you live, yet when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely pray that the first intelligence which reaches me from my native place, after I shall have reached my new home, may be that—you—are—dead!"

Bryam gazed upon the speaker some moments without speaking.

"Moses," he at length said, "you are not in earnest."

"As true as heaven, Daniel, I am. When I know that you are dead I shall be happy, and not until then—so go on. Fill your jug, and—"

"Stop, stop, Moses. I can reform."

"You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough—enough to have reformed half the sinners of creation—and yet you are now lower than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus, shall set mourners free!"

Bryam's eyes flashed, and he drew himself proudly up.

"Go," he said, with a tinge of the powerful sarcasm that had often electrified a jury, "go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go sir, and watch the post!"

With these words Daniel Bryam hurled his jug into the fireplace, and while yet its thousand pieces were flying over the floor, he strode from the house. Mary sank fainting to the floor. Moses bore her to a bed, and having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting.

For a month Daniel Bryam hovered over the brink of the grave, but he did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of all stimulants from a system that for long years had subsisted almost on nothing else was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill and not take more."

"Aye," gasped the poor man, "take a gill, and break my oath. Moses Felton shall not learn that brandy or rum killed me! If the want of it can kill me, then let me die! But I won't die! I'll live—live till Moses Felton shall eat his words!"

He did live; an iron will conquered the messenger death had sent, and Daniel Bryam lived. For one month he could not even walk without help. But he had help—joyful, prayerful help. Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the court house at Burlington, and Daniel Bryam was upon the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started with surprise. Never before had Bryam looked so noble and commanding, and never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court house, and he met Moses Felton.

They shook hands, but they did not speak. When they reached a spot where none others could hear them, Bryam stopped.

"Moses," he said, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?"

"I do, Daniel."

Will you now take them back? Unsay them now and forever?"

"Yes—with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment?"

"I must die an honest, unperjured man! The

oath that has bound me thus far was made for life."

That evening, Mary Bryam was among the happiest of the happy. No allusion was made in words to that strange scene of one year before, but Moses could read in both the countenances of his sister and her husband they did not speak.

And Daniel Bryam yet lives, one of the most honored men of Vermont. Five times has he sat in the State Legislature; thrice in the Senate and once in the national Congress; and yet he is a noble man and an ornament to society, declining all offers of public office, from the fact that his profession is more lucrative, while plenty of others want the offices which he cares not for.

Many who read this will know the characters whom I have thus used, and will at once recognize the true individuals beneath the fictitious names I have borrowed.—*Ballou's Pictorial*.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN RHODE ISLAND.—A. M. Tillinghast has been found guilty in Providence of an assault upon his wife, who, having left him with the intention of getting a divorce, and fled to her mother's, was seized by Tillinghast and four associates, and carried off with her infant. The evidence showed that Tillinghast demanded the infant, and being refused, and also refused admission to the house, lifted the latch, and forced open the door; and then took his wife by the arm, pulled her out of doors (with her child in her arms,) lifted her into his wagon, the child in its night-clothes, the wife bare-headed, and with one of his friends drove to the house of his brother, about three-fourths of a mile distant. The wife resisted to the extent of her ability, but was not hurt at all—was treated kindly enough at the house of the brother and entertained until the next morning, when without opposition from any quarter, she returned with her child to her mothers.

Chief Justice Ames, in an able charge held, says the Providence Journal, from which we quote:

"That when, as in this case, a woman has left the husband for such cause as she thinks entitles her to a divorce under our statute, and with a view to applying for a divorce, the husband has no right to use any force or means to control her, or influence her action, which he could not rightfully use towards any other lady in the community—and this, no matter how commendable may be the purpose of the husband, or kindly his feelings. And further, that under the laws of Rhode Island, the father is not entitled to the custody, as against its mother, of an infant, a mere nursing, as was the child referred to in this case."

ANGER.—A colored man, in Providence, R. I., was struck by one whom he had offended. The striker died in the act. The report of a jury of physicians, upon a post-mortem examination, was that the passion of anger so operated upon the nerves and muscles as utterly to impede the progress of the blood through the heart—a solemn admonition to all to beware how they give themselves up to ungovernable control of this passion. The number of slain by anger has been great.

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